



TIGHTWIRE

THE NEW TIGHTWIRE
September - October, 1976
Volume II - Edition V

The TIGHTWIRE is a publication printed every second month, presented by the inmates of the Prison for Women, Kingston, Ontario. We wish to dissolve the barriers of physical imprisonment by sharing our attempts to free ourselves from the mental bondages that engulf us. Our printed words are meant to educate, not alienate you. They are the expressed thoughts, feelings, ideas and attitudes which issue forth from the brains of a writer. These are her/his sole possessions and wings toward freedom. Therefore, the contents herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the administration. We welcome advice or criticism from you, the reader, and will be happy to print your articles or letters. Materials presented in the TIGHTWIRE may be reprinted providing credit is given to the original author.

Please address all inquiries, correspondence, cheques or money orders for subscriptions to:

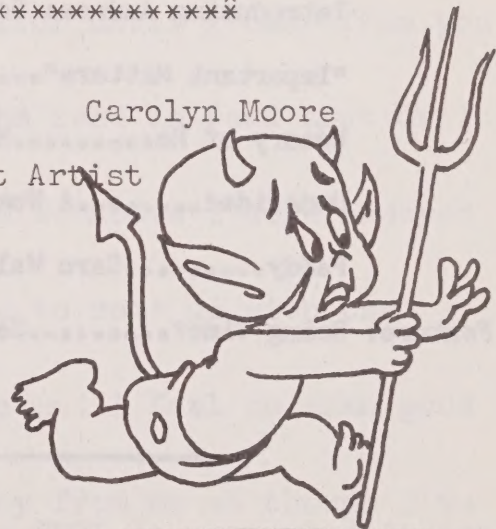
TIGHTWIRE
P.O. Box 515
Kingston, Ontario

* EDITORIAL COMMITTEE FOR TIGHTWIRE *

D. F. Martin

Carolyn Moore

Sally Lenson - Guest Artist



Subscription Rate: Six Issues - \$2.00

IN THIS ISSUE

Regular Features:	Letters to the Editor.....	3
	Poetry.....	34
	Sports.....	42
	Entertainment.....	43
	Astrology....by D. F. Martin.....	45
Guest Features:	Our Duty.....by Bill,.....	33
	Experience #245.....Larry Harvey.....	32
	Ah, It Could Have Been.....Larry Harvey.....	32
Editorials:	The Citizens React.....D. F. Martin.....	9
	Correctional Investigational Report.....	13
	Law Reform Commission.....D. F. Martin.....	11
	Why.....Carolyn Moore.....	14
	Watergate Conspirator.....Carolyn Moore.....	15
	Job Opportunities.....	16
Features:	Prison Arts Competition.....	18
	Introducing Andreas Schroeder.....Caro Walters.....	21
	"Important Matters".....Caro Walters.....	22
	Memory of Me.....Marcella Levi.....	24
	Undecided.....A Woman.....	25
	Paddy.....Caro Walters.....	26
Back Page Feature:	Doing Time?.....Sally Lenson.....	46

TIGHTWIRE NEEDS YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS!

Poetry***Fiction***Sports***Features

Please make sure your works are original
or the author and publication noted.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a \$5.00 cheque for subscription to Tightwire.

Please don't stop. We always look forward to the information we find in the Tightwire. Keep up the good work.

In Solidarity,
Pat Leslie
for The Other Woman Collective

Dear Sisters:

Writing to let you know that I sure like the two articles in the May - June, 1976 Volume II - Edition III.

The first one I really liked by Rose Wu. DON'T INFLICT ON HEARSAY. Page 6.

I would like to have this printed in our hospital news "CONTACT" at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, Ontario.

I know it states at the beginning of the Tightwire "Materials presented in the TIGHTWIRE may be reprinted providing credit is given to the original author.

Rose Wu will be given credit in our contact news. Does this meet with your approval?

I will not approach the editor of CONTACT until I hear from you of TIGHTWIRE or Rose Wu.

There are a hell of a lot of people who need to read that article for food for thought.

Also, on page 29 on the same Tightwire as above I sure enjoyed the article A WORD ABOUT A WORD.

How I've longed and wished for someone to come up with the reason why people use the word FUCK.

I use the word FUCK as an outlet to me and I feel so damn good after having used it.

Mind you there are people who keep away from me as though I've got the plague when I've used the word FUCK so what else is new.

Actually there is a third article I was so very pleased with "PRISON ISN'T PRISON ANYMORE" by Nancy Ward-Armour.

So very pleased that Nancy gave the Whitby Alderman Mrs. Joy Thompson a piece of her tongue and let her know where she was coming from.

People like Mrs. Joy Thompson shouldn't knock it if they haven't tried a stretch behind bars.

No matter what is told the person in the supposed free world everyone takes things to be truth and not question it because they take hearsay for granted and do not question a thing that is told to them because they are comfortable in their own little world.

Thank you for printing my letter re the Human Rights Commission to protect ex-inmates from discrimination.

My best to you all and may you all continue to keep sending out the TIGHTWIRE for a long time to come.

Sincerely,
Nicolina Franco

Dear People:

Please find enclosed a cheque in the amount of \$6.00 for your publication. We are now establishing a resource centre and will find this a helpful addition to our library.

Thank you. We look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
Anne Kitchen
Women's Kit...And More....

Sisters in Struggle -

I saw your subscription to Tightwire and would like to receive copies of it.

I am writing to you from the Maximum Security Unit in the Arkansas State Reformatory for Women.

I would also like to correspond with some of my sisters behind those walls.

A few women and I are struggling desperately to obtain the few human rights we can within this corrupt and brutal system and are trying to get all the ideas and concepts that our people have come up with.

I am interested in the system you are trapped within and would like to hear from you, the conditions and treatment you are receiving.

Also, would like to know if you need any support as far as letters, etc.

In love and struggle
Mykki Balduff #1718

Dear Editor:

I wish to thank you very much for your attention and copies of the TIGHTWIRE. Everyone was very happy to get their hands on them and they have been well passed around.

Personally, I enjoy your mag very much but that may just be because I am partial to women (helps improve quality). I am especially impressed with your humour-satire.

The recent letter, sent by Nancy will appear in our next issue of THE WALL in the process right now. It should arrive down your end in about three weeks.

If things slack off for awhile I may try to write an exchange article for you (for the one I am stealing out of your second last issue - THE PAROLE GAME, TRY PYRAMID POWER).

Sincerely yours,
We send our best wishes
Bill Haas

Dear Editor:

I have to say that I loved PLAYHOUSE by Caro Walters in the last edition of TIGHTWIRE. 'Living in a peaceful ghetto in a patchwork part of town.' The whole bit made me sigh in hopes. Maybe mankind and womenkind will survive, perhaps things will improve, more gentle, intelligent minds will erupt in knowledgeable leadership. Or, that unthinkable goal - happiness will develop for all to possess and share. Who knows maybe we still have a chance.

Anyway - the TIGHTWIRE was once again a really great piece of literature.

Sincerely yours,
Laura Kemp
Fort Saskatchewan Cor-
rectional Institute

Shalom!

First of all, congratulations on a job well done. The May-June issue of TIGHTWIRE not only helped to while away a bit of leisure time, not inconsequential when you have 24 hours per day to while away, but proved to be thought provoking as well.

One article, "Temporary Day Parole" by Nancy Ward-Armour, infuriated me. There is nothing more humiliating or degrading than being subjected to the "orifice security special". Telling myself that it is conducted compulsively as a result of a natural affinity for assholes does no good. Each successive

cont'd.....

experience leaves me more enraged than the last, if that's possible. Oh, for the constricting powers of a boa constrictor.

On the lighter side, one of your softball teams is apparently called the "Moosettes", a take off on the Mooses of Millhaven. If so, that is an incredible faux pas. The Millhaven Mooses are drawn from the P.S.A. membership, not from the prison population as the giver of the misnomer (Moosette) seems to think. Our team is the "Sabers".

In conclusion, may I suggest you examine the grievance procedure and/or the effectiveness of the office of the Correctional Investigator in a future article. In any event, any future copies of TIGHTWIRE will be appreciated.

In brotherhood*,
Peter Ebner
Millhaven Institution

P.S. * - male chauvinism?

Dear Editor; (Editress, Hmmmmmm),

As you can see from the above, one is not exactly sure of the right title, however, greeting to Nancy, April & all. I (and we) all enjoy the contents of TIGHTWIRE, here in the land of amplified heat. Keep up the good work and eventually we may get some of those chowder heads to think a little. Our mag is temporarily down the drain (as is a lot of things), so thought I would send you a couple of small articles for your consideration. Please feel free to edit where necessary and if you do print them, please send me a copy. Thanks.

Take care, be cool and have a nice day.

Revolutionary love
Larry Harvey

P.S.-Yes, possibly the word or term Gobblygook is in the peace & security bill (smile)!

Dear Editors of Tightwire,

We read about your new publication in Clearinghouse for Feminist Media. We are writing to offer our encouragement and to tell you a little about the Women's History Library. We have produced three microfilms from our collections of women's publications: Women and Law; Women and Health/Mental Health; and Herstory, a collection of women's serials like yours. We are now involved in distributing the micorfilms to the universities and libraries all over the country to make them available to the largest number of people possible.

Since our library was built on donated materials, and our success in publicizing the collection depends on donated advertising, we would like to ask you to print the enclosed blurb

cont'd.....

about the Women and Law collection in your newsletter. It would be really helpful in our attempts to "spread the word". If you do print it, please send us a copy for our scrapbook.

Our International Women's History Archive, which is the collection of women's serials, is now housed at Northwestern University. If they are not on your mailing list, you should write to them, since they will pay for a subscription. The address is: Sarah Sherman, Special Collections Library, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, 60201. Save your first issue for when they answer, so they will have a complete collection. At the bottom of the enclosed blurb sheet there is a masthead blurb you can use in your publication.

Good luck with "Tightwire", and thanks for your support.

Best Wishes,
Lynne Armstrong
blurb, law, pmc

LAW blurb: "The Women & Law collection of the former Women's History Library has been published on microfilm by the Women's History Research Center of Berkeley, Ca. The microfilm is 40 reels (\$32/reel) of materials on Law/General, Politics, Employment, Education, Rape/Prison/Prostitution, Black & other Third World women. Urge your library to order this valuable resource! Write to the Center's distributor for further information: Barbara Baisley, Northeast Micrographics, 27 Palmerwoods Circle, Branford, CT, 06405."

MASTHEAD blurb for women's periodicals that began after June 1974: "This publication is on file with the International Women's History Archive, Special Collections Library, Northwestern University, Evanston, Il., 60201."

TAKE CARE...TAKE A BREAK

Another changeover has taken place in the Tightwire staff and.....

It is with deep regret that we see the editor, Nancy Ward-Armour leave the newspaper. But, it is to our content that she has finally made it out of this institution.

Nancy has been great in putting the paper together. A fighter for women's rights in this institution; she refuses to believe that women are lesser human beings. Not always winning, but always in there punching.....we can definitely say that we will miss her dynamic attitude and her strong ceaseless drive. This paper, needless to say, will miss her caustic remarks and articles.

Nancy was a contributing force in establishing the new Tightwire and we shall try our best to keep this paper going.

So, anytime that you feel like sending articles in, Nancy, you are more than welcome.

Farewell, Nancy.....

Good Luck.....

We wish you great times.....

D. F. Martin &
Carol Moore



THE CITIZENS REACT...

by D. F. Martin

Since the manifestations in the penitentiaries of Laval and B.C., the citizens of Kingston have reacted on a grand scale. On many occasions I have read in the "Wig Standard" certain articles concerning inmates.

The Mayor, Mr. Speal, described the local prisons as "hotel operations" and that too many convicts are allowed to roam the streets of his fair city. Doesn't he know that one day we will be free and that the most humane procedure is to integrate the inmate slowly into the working world and social life? The Mayor made these comments following a charge by Alderman Neil McArthur that "...all of the major crimes in the city during the past two weeks were committed by parolees...". They also commented on the inmates who are 'unlawfully at large' saying they were dangerous.

The next day in the same paper, Linda Florence reported statistics obtained from Ottawa regional stating that of 2,436 inmates in 13 regional prisons (9 of which are located in the immediate area of Kingston) 71 persons were unlawfully at large. This represents only 2.6% of the prison population. The communique also emphasized that most of the people unlawfully at large were not from the Kingston area.

Mr. Dan Weir, regional secretary of the parole board, rebutted with statistics representing the number of inmates on parole and mandatory in Kingston: 47 on day parole; 60 on full parole and 30 on

mandatory. He also stated that between the 1st of May and the 1st of September not one had been revoked because he had committed another offense.

It is a pity that the Mayor and his followers are not more aware of what is going on. People imagine that inmates are a world apart from the rest of society, which naturally is the case when incarcerated, but on the streets, in society, convicts are just like anyone else. You can not recognize a convict by appearance, you can only do so by stopping and getting to know one. Inmates are not really so removed from society as one may think for like the outside, many different classes of people make up a prison population.

Possibly fear incites the citizens to denounce the inmate population. There, however, society is to blame for the enormous propaganda on organized crime and violence; not the inmate. When less faith is put on propaganda and more on the individual perhaps public opinion will change.

LES CITOYENS REAGISSENT...

by D. F. Martin

Depuis les manifestations dans les penitenciers de Laval et de la Colombie-Britannique les citoyens de Kingston réagissent. A maintes reprises j'ai lu dans le journal "Wig Standard" certains articles en report avec nous détenus et laissez-moi vous dire qu'on ne se genes pas a notre egard. M. le maire a decrit les prisons commes des hotels en operation, et que trop de detenus se promenant dans les rues de Kingston.....Ne sait-il pas qu'un jour nous serons libres....et que le procedé le plus humain est d'integrer lentement le détenu au marché du travail, et a la vie sociale.

M. le maire a fait ses remarques apres les commentaires de M. Ald. Neil McArthur qui a dit "que tout les majeures crimes commis dans Kingston depuis une periode de deux semaines étaient commis par des détenus en liberation conditionnelle." On a aussi fait plusieurs remarques au sujet de prisonniers en fuite et en particulier qu'ils etaient dangereux.

Le lendemain dans le même journal un reporter Linda Florence cummuniqua que d'apres les statistiques de la regionale d'Ottawa, sur 2,436 détenus dans les 13 prisons regionale, et que 9 de ses prisons etaient situées dans la region immediate de Kingston, 71 personnes étaient en liberte illegale ce qui represente 2.6% de la population des prisons. On a specifier que la pluspart de ses personnes n'etaient pas dans la region de Kingston.

M. Dan Weir secretaire regionale des liberations conditionnelle a emis des statistique representant le nombres de detenues soit en liberte conditionnelle ou obligatoire dans la region de Kinston....soit 47 en liberte de jour; 60 en liberte conditionnelle et 30 en liberte obligatoire. M. Weir a bien dit aussi qu'entre le 1 mai au 1 septembre personnes n'a ete revoque parce qu'il aurait commis une autre offense. **Domage** que M. Speal et ses suivants ne soient pas plus au courant. Les gens s'imaginent que les detenues sont du monde a part, naturellement que nous sommes **a part**.....pendant notre incarceration. Dans la societe, dans la rue nous sommes comme vous, il y a toutes sortes de classes de gens ici, tout comme a

l'exterieur. J'ai raison de croire que la crainte incite les citoyens a se prononcer frequemment a notre sujet. La societe a tellement un faux cliche du detenu, a cause de l'énorme propagande de la violence et du crime organisé. Lorsqu'il y aura un changement en se sens.....

Peut etre l'opinion publique changera aussi!



The Law Reform Commission of Canada presented to the Minister of Justice, The Honourable S.R. Basford, in March of 1976, a report on OUR CRIMINAL LAW. I was pleased after reading the report to find that those people were completely aware of what is going on with the courts and the penal system. Indeed, in the report they have made strong recommendations for changes in the criminal code. Needless to say, they are for the better. Here is an excerpt of one of the chapters which I found rather interesting and realistic.

CRIMINAL LAW AND REALITY

The aspirations of the criminal law are: Humanity, Freedom, Justice. Reality is different.

First the principle of humanity. In this regard theory and practice show a twofold diversion. For one thing there is the matter of the regulatory offence. For another there is the operation of the criminal justice system.

Take the first regulatory offence. In principle the criminal law's concern is with seriously wrongful acts, violating common standards of decency and humanity. In practice only a minority of criminal offences fall under this heading. The majority, which total more than 20,000, are not necessarily wrong in themselves but prohibited for expediency. Such acts have to do with commerce, trade, industry and other matters which must be regulated in the general interest of society; and criminal prohibition is a well-tried and useful method of regulation. The regulatory offence, therefore, is here to stay. Nor have we any objection to it. What we object to is diluting criminal law's basic message by jumbling together

wrongful acts and acts merely prohibited for convenience. Once treating the regulatory sector as seriously as the Criminal Code, and we may end up thinking real crimes no more important than mere regulatory offences. The two must be distinguished, as we recommend later in this report.

Next, take the operation of the criminal justice system. In theory the laws aim to promote humanity. In practice it is frequently itself inhuman. Canada, it has been shown, is one of the harshest Western countries when it comes to the use of prison sentences. Many of the terms imposed are far too long, half the people in prison should never be there, and so many are in gaol that those few needing real care and attention cannot get it. Indeed the whole system resembles a vast machine sucking people in one hand, spewing them out the other and then sucking them back in again - a self generating mechanism, certainly not a human process.

Next the principle of freedom. In theory, one aspect of this freedom is that no act is a crime unless the law specifically says so. In practice this is vastly weakened by the sheer volume of the criminal law: 700 criminal code sections, 20,000 federal offences, and 20,000 in provincial law not to mention the welter of municipal laws. No one can possibly know all these sections and offences. Yet since ignorance of law is no excuse, the citizen can never be sure he is not breaking the law. Worse still, 70% of federal offences are offences of strict liability and need no proof of fault; prove the act and conviction follows automatically. In fact the outcome often depends simply on whether or not there is a prosecution - in short on administrative discretion.

Or take the presumption of innocence.

Again, in theory the prosecution must prove guilt. In reality the defendant often fights under a handicap - appearances, his clothes, his way of speaking, his very presence in the dock, all tell against him.

Finally, the principle of justice. Here again reality falls short of aspiration. In theory crimes are crimes and punish equally no matter who commits them. In practice the penalty often depends, not on the nature of the crime, but on the person who commits it. Our prison population, for example, contains a quite unrepresentative proportion of poor, of disadvantaged and of native offenders. The richer you are the better your chance of getting away with something. Is it that the rich man make the laws and so what rich men do is not a crime but simply shrewd business practice? Or is it that position and wealth protect the rich against intervention? Certainly more poor than rich are prosecuted even on a proportional reckoning. Or is it that those who can afford expensive lawyers have better hope of being acquitted? For all the respect we pay to justice and equality, we still have one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Worse of all, our picture of the criminal justice system bears little resemblance to reality. Supposedly it is a system designed to try defendants, assess their criminal liability on the evidence and determine the proper penalty in the light of all circumstances; in real life trials are a comparative rarity, the vast majority of defendants plead guilty and the real work of the system takes place behind closed doors, between the crown attorney and the defendant's lawyer at the plea-bargaining table. Theoretically we demon-

strate our public disapproval of certain types of conduct; in practice all we do is process an interminable series of recurring cases along the dreary assembly line of dime-store justice. Judges, crown attorneys, defence lawyers, police and all concerned in the operation of the system grow daily more disillusioned and discouraged. Small wonder many think our criminal law a hollow mockery.



CORRECTIONAL INVESTIGATOR REPORTS ON MILLHAVEN GASSING

Inger Hansen, Correctional Investigator, last month released her report on the November 3 tear-gassing incident at Millhaven Penitentiary. Ms. Hansen placed the blame for the incident on improper training of guards in the use of gassing equipment, on overwork and on confusion.

The report was requested to investigate the gassing of five men held in segregation at Millhaven. The men were left for 13 hours without being allowed to shower or wash the gas off their bodies and none of the men was seen by a doctor for three days. First and second degree burns resulted from the gas being applied at close range.

Segregation was also singled out in the report as a precursor to the gassing. "Segregation does not make an inmate any better. If he is angry and aggressive, he stays that way and represents the officers who are working with him. They in turn are exposed to constant pressure," Ms. Hansen stated in her report. She added that "...the segregation range reduces the correctional officer solely to security work. It is boring, unrewarding and occasionally dangerous. There is no incentive for officers to take an interest in inmates. It is no surprise that some of the officers were thoroughly depressed and cynical about their tasks."

The report recommended that precise written instructions be issued to staff regarding the use of restraint equipment, and direct medical supervision be provided to inmates subjected to mechanical restraints. Also, a loud-hailer should be employed to give warning before gas is used. Inmates exposed to gas

should be provided with a change of clothes and a shower as soon as possible and be examined by a physician. Procedures should be drafted to decontaminate areas where gas has been used.

A permanent editorial board should be established to edit, simplify, standardize, cross-reference and index directives from the Commissioner of Penitentiaries as well as standing orders and divisional instructions. Ms. Hansen feels this is necessary because policies are not being communicated to the lower ranks of correctional officers. An in-service training program was also recommended for penitentiary employees.

"The dehumanizing effects of incarceration" were stressed by Ms. Hansen, in relation to staff as well as inmates. The report adds, "Correctional officers...feel powerless and unappreciated. There is little opportunity or incentive for correctional officers to advance in their careers...The amount of overtime worked by custodial staff at Millhaven is alarming."

reprint from Liason - a monthly Newsletter for the Criminal Justice System



"200 prisoners at the B.C. penitentiary wreck their prison to the tune of one million dollars and 264 prisoners at Laval prison in Montreal cause \$750,000 damage in a riot." (McLean's - November issue) The army has to step in and take over in both prisons trying to stop what invariably will never stop. Around the country people shake their heads and wonder what is happening to their safe, sane world.

Perhaps the fact that both prisons are at least a century old with all the rundown conditions that come with it is the reason. Or, perhaps it is the fact that prisons are overcrowded past maximum standards. Then again it could be the fact that man inherently was never meant to be in a position where little is done and understanding is a word that never made the dictionary.

Frustration comes easily when not only your right to freedom is transgressed but also your rights of being a human being in a human world is also denied. It is little wonder that one becomes fed-up with the whole system and begins to think of drastic action in the face of little or no recognition of the problems encountered in the penal system.

When dictatorial oppression in a nation is opposed with revolutionary forces, people in a democratic or socialist country will applaud and exclaim that finally good has won over evil. It seems funny that, when it happens to a minority group in their own country, they will quietly look at one another in confusion and then go on their merry way. A minority, who though serving time in a penal

institution, are still human beings; people who might even have been your next door neighbour. Convicts are not those sinister people lurking in the alley way ready to take your life. That is a misconception propagated to keep most people on the straight and narrow. More often than not, he/she is the person who might have been your best friend or your business partner.

If that is the case then why? Why riot when time after time the Correctional Services Minister and others have stated that the inmates have other avenues open in which to air their grievances. Suggestions such as writing letters to the Ombudsman or members of the Legislature or to the Federal Parliament, complaining to the administration, or to volunteers or to your lawyer are made. Mr. Hughes also recommended writing to the news media. In this case, at least at the Prison for Women, Letters are allowed to be mailed to the press, but nothing goes through which may put a bad light on this institution or its reigning administration. This is all fine and well and these means are used by the inmate population (although never mentioned). But, what do you do when six months later you haven't received a reply as to whether or not the letter was even received?

There is a standing joke on the running of various governmental agencies and it is a joke when you are not dealing with it 24 hours a day, every day of the month, every month of the year. But then it becomes no joke, it is your lifeline.

When a federal commission of inquiry finally does get around to checking on the grievances and finds that the complaints have been justified, what happens? The problems remain the same. The only difference is

that now they have an official report stating it. The grievance becomes a fact, but the fact is not changed. And so the problem is right back to where is started.

Incidents like the one at B.C. penitentiary and at Laval are not the result of petty amusement, instead, they are the outgrowth of growing frustration in a system, which not only doesn't work, but is progressively becoming worse. Perhaps if real reforms instead of cursory admittance to problems were instituted riots and hostage taking would disappear. Where would be the need? It is a thought; perhaps one day it will become a fact.

WATERGATE CONSPIRATOR WORKING FOR PRISONERS' RIGHTS

Gordon Liddy, who is serving six to twenty at the Danbury Federal Correctional Institution and was once a member of the Watergate conspiracy, now works as a clerk in the prison power works and wages war against prison regulations. Particularly ones that violate the prisoners' rights. (Liddy was one member of the conspiracy who refused to testify before the Watergate Grand jury and still does although he had been offered immunity.)

At one time the organizing factor in the Watergate breakin and counsel to ex-President Nixon, he now spends a lot of time in the law library trying to bring these matters to a head in the law courts of the United States.

At present he is working on the lack of privacy of privileged mail (this includes letters to

the Solicitor-General, to the Ombudswomen and to the Commissioner of Penitentiaries here in Canada) and on the right to adequate explanation when disciplinary action is taken. Finally in August of this year, these complaints were brought before the United States District Court.

In April of 1975, Judge Newman of the U. S. District Courts ruled that prisoners put in detention must be given written explanations. He also designated more categories of mail as privileged.

It would appear then that the prison administration has ignored the court rulings but are rebutting by saying the violations are the result of human error not policy decisions.

Now it is a matter for the court to decide and only time will tell where that will lead.

by C.M.



 ** JOB OPPORTUNITIES **
 ** HIGH RISK **
 ** LOW PAY **
 ** BAD CONDITIONS **
 ** Apply - Solicitor General's **
 ** Office, Ottawa **

Would you take a job like that?
 Not on your sweet life do I
 hear? Well, it seems that a
 great many did and now that the
 going gets rough they want out,
 or a drastic change, or higher
 pay, or any number of permuta-
 tions thereof.

I'm talking about the custodial
 staff, turnkeys, hacks, screws
 or whatever you want to call
 our keepers. It is getting
 rough, of that I'm absolutely
 sure, but who ever said it
 wouldn't? Trying to keep 9,131
 men and women confined in an
 area where they don't really
 want to be could be described
 as no easy task. So, what
 sort of men and women take on
 such a job?

You would think, I presume, of
 people so desperately poverty
 stricken that they would jump
 at any job opportunity offered
 to fill the starving bellies
 of themselves and their fami-
 lies. But no, that is not the
 case. These people are rela-
 tively well-off (by that I
 mean - probably two cars,
 colour T.V.'s, deep freezes
 and many etc.'s) relatively
 well educated and could prob-
 ably find any number of more
 'meaningful' jobs elsewhere.
 Perhaps when they take on the
 job they have ideals of some
 sort, be it maternal or pater-
 nalistic, but these aspirations
 are soon beaten out of them..
 witness the story of the
 criminal behavior written in
 the Toronto Star (dated Monday,
 October 4, 1976) "...a few
 guards, known for their civil-

ized treatment of inmates were re-
 viled and abused by older guards.
 They were assigned to the worst
 shifts; they were given the silent
 treatment at work;.....One of them
 was accosted on the prison parking
 lot by a group of older guards and
 beaten up." Ye Gods, if this is
 the sort of treatment our keepers
 lay on each other, can we honestly
 expect them to treat us as human
 beings. Or, can they expect us to
 honour them with the sort of re-
 spect they wish we would?

I realize that this is an isolated
 incident insofar as the physical
 abuse of each other is concerned,
 but it would seem that mental
 harassment is more prevalent. You
 know how it is; the new keeper starts
 on the job all bright-eyed and
 bushy tailed, enthusiastic and
 buddy-buddy. Then gradually, over
 a pretty short period, the glow
 begins to fade and the grey drabs,
 the violent anti's and the "when I
 say jump...." syndrome sets in.
 You know then that the insidious
 harassment has done its work. The
 keepers don't like to see the new
 ones acting like regular people -
 they should be acting the stereo-
 type roles that the profession has
 scripted in for itself over the
 years.

I postscript this piece with an
 explanation that I am not really
 drawing my case from the situation
 here at the Prison for Women. The
 scene is naturally different since
 we are dealing with women guarding
 women, as opposed to men guarding
 men. Here, the matrons are sort of
 O.K. More your Mum or Auntie type
 (with a few aspiring hookers,
 rounders and narcs thrown in.) Even

so, I sincerely wonder exactly what inspires a person to take on the job of a 'keeper'. Don't you?

Actually, what inspires me to write this piece is the press reports that I have been reading recently. I just keep on seeing these horrific quotes from the male custodial staff at the men's joints, i.e.....

"To most guards, the inmate is a cunning, manipulative creature, prepared to exploit any weakness in the system to get what he/she wants."

and "I resent the soft life the inmate enjoys....."

and "I don't kill or steal and I work for my three meals a day..."

and on and on ad nauseum.

My answer to this sort of whining is....jam it gentlemen. If you can't beat 'em join 'em.



PRISON ARTS COMPETITION

by D. F. Martin

The population of the Prison for Women congratulates Caro Walters and Marcella Levi for winning awards in the Prison Arts competition. We compliment also, everyone that has participated in this event.

"Prison art" is a great occasion where your talents can be appreciated. I encourage more people to present their work in future events.

Here is the list of all the winners and the awards given to them:

ART:

Chubb Industries Limited
\$1,000.00 Scholarship

Sam Sharif, Leclerc Institution for collection of oil paintings.

Warner-Lambert Canada Limited
Award

Ray Carlson, William Head Institution - "Sometimes you need a Crank to Start a Dead Engine"

Canadian Penitentiary Service
Awards for Painting

Jean Guy Lambert, Federal Training Centre - "L'Enfrer"

Lorne Roberts, Warkworth Institution - "Room with a View"

Canadian Penitentiary Service
Award for Sculpture

Pat Murphy, Camp Dufferin
"Western Stagecoach"

Max Factor (Canada Limited
Award

Michel Pellus, Leclerc Institution - "Witchful Thinking"

The Hallmark Cards Awards

First Prize - Lorne Roberts,
Warkworth Institution - "Room With
a View"

Second Prize - Roland LeBlanc,
William Head Institution
"Breaking Through"

Third Prize - Joseph Abou-Najm,
Archambault Institution.
"Twenty Million Light Years from
Home"

ST. Leonard's Society of Canada
Awards

Gary Whitley, Matsqui Institution
"Lone Sentinel"

Cecile Lochhead, Vanier Centre
"How do you Mend a Broken Heart"

Roland LeBlanc, William Head
Institution - "Rocks, William Head
#6"

Jim McGrath, Joyceville Institution
"Pollution"

Robert Turner Fund Awards

Ivan Horvat, British Columbia Penitentiary - "Walls"

Alfred Bernard, Collins Bay Institution - "The Lifer"

Dept. of Indian and Northern Affairs
Awards

Lucille, Niagara Detention Centre
"Indian Girl"

John Cook, House of Concord
"End of the Line #2"

CRAFTS:

Warner-Lambert Canada Limited Award

Mary Culley, Maison Tanguay
"The Lost Season"

Tandy Leather Company Award

Jim Meeker, Regional Reception Centre, Kingston - "Leather Gun Case"

Sophie Boyd Memorial Fund Awards

Raymond Tardif, Leclerc Institution - a collection of Copper Work

Marcella Levi, Prison for Women
"Embroidered Bracelets"

Ontario Ministry of Correctional Services Awards

Robert Sterling, Glendale Adult Training Centre - "Serenity"

Transair Limited Awards

John Lawson, now released
"No Title"

Lillian Strong, now released
"Indian Beaded Purse"

Elizabeth Fry Society of Canada Awards

Marcel Cote, Leclerc Institution - "Bust of Prime Minister Trudeau"

Joseph Girouard, Stony Mountain Institution
"Man with the Golden Helmet"

Kimberly-Clark of Canada Limited Awards

Skee, Mountain Prison
"Nativity Jewel Box"

, Joyceville Institution - "Black Walnut Jewellery Box"

Robert Turner Fund Award

Regina Rauffman, Vanier Centre
"Taurus"

WRITING:

Audrey S. Hellyer Charitable Foundation \$1,000.00 Scholarship

Walter Orlovich, Matsqui Institution

Warner-Lambert Canada Limited Award

Caro Walters, Prison for Women

Canadian Penitentiary Service Award

Bishop Knight, Millhaven Institution

Western Producer Awards

Paul Leister, Saskatchewan Penitentiary

William Mackey, Matsqui Institution

David Dunham, Calgary Correctional Centre

C. Jade Beasley, Warkworth Institution

John Corran, St. Edward's House - Montreal

James Edwards, Collins Bay Institution

Edmund Watts, Joyceville Institution

Ron Emkeit, Bowden Institution

Thomas H.E. Jacks, Matsqui Institution

Xerox of Canada Limited Awards

John Cook, House of Concord

Ronald Cooper, Guelph Correctional Centre

John Howard Society of Canada Award

Daniel Lamoureux, Cowansville Institution

John Howard Society of Canada
Awards

Charles, Saskatchewan Peniten-
tiary

Frank Pye, Dorchester Peniten-
tiary

Paul Hawbolt & Gordon Richardson
Matsqui Institution



INTRODUCING.....ANDREAS SCHROEDER

by Caro Walters

Marcella and I were invited to the Prison Arts reception that was being held in a huge concrete, steel and glass skyscraper in Toronto. (I have mentioned the skyscraper, since coming from Europe we have never seen them before...Oh boy Oh boy, what an experience!)

At the reception, announced the invitation, would be introduced a new young author who had just had a book published about his prison experiences; and true to the promise, about halfway through the proceedings silence was called for and the young man was introduced.

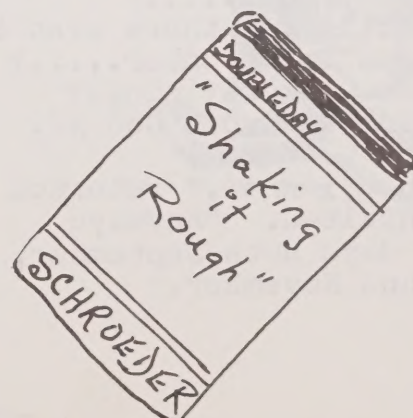
The guy stepped in front of the microphone....."Good Evening," he said, "My name is Andreas Schroeder and I've written a book called 'Shaking it Rough' about my eight months in prison on a charge of possession of hash for the purpose of....." At that point I mentally switched off. Eight months, ye gods, eight months and the cat presumes to write a book about prison life. It's going to be one of those 'How I found God and taught my pet cockroach how to pray...' type stories. No thanks.

Anyway, what seemed like hours later he finished his rap and went to a table stacked with copies of the book. Sensing the possibility of a freebie, I moseyed nonchalantly in his direction and muttered something to him about writing an introduction to his book for Tightwire. I was rewarded with what I have always wanted....a book autographed by its author. Big thrill!

Since I am starting on the long and bumpy road to becoming a 'Smart Person', I moseyed on in the direction of his editor, press agent and other assorted Doubleday personages and collected myself a ream of pieces of paper saying I had been presented with the book. Having got so far as to have been given the thing, I couldn't bear to have brought it back to the joint without a receipt.....if you know what I mean!

I read it! I am sorry now that I didn't listen to what the guy had to say. It is a really good book! Astute, well-written, obviously put together by someone who had really observed the scene while he was doing time. He has got a sense of humour that really tickles a rib, but it also cuts with a fine edge. He seems to have picked up a lot during his relatively short incarceration.....the interaction between his fellow inmates; the subtle unwritten laws of prison behavior; the psychological head hassles that we are all so familiar with. All this and much more, with a style that makes it entertaining and easy reading.

If you want to read it let me know... I'll lend it. But, please give it back, it is the only autographed book I have got and probably ever will have...



"IMPORTANT MATTERS"

by Caro Walters

In the echoing chambers of the great hall of the royal court of the mighty city of Ottawa the gods convened to discuss. The three gods, who in times long past had been beautiful, idealistic, creative and generous, were now flatulent, fat, old and vile. They had met on this occasion to talk over 'Important Matters'. The topics in question were listed in order of importance thus....

1. Golf
2. Indigestion
3. The rising price of Club Memberships
4. The permissiveness of the press
5. Last night's T.V. programmes
6. Dog poop on the streets of the mighty city
7. Who is screwing who
8. Who isn't screwing anybody and why they aren't
9. Why Jim Crint's wife walks funny

AND FINALLY

10. The parole decision for Cindy Inmate of the federal penitentiary

Gross God #1 opened the discussion "I call this meeting to order on this day of our Lord - Francis Fox (may his name be praised) the thirty first day of November, nineteen seventy fivewhat.....? Oops, nineteen seventy six. As I was about to say..... What now.....? Oops again, silly me, there aren't thirty one days in November.....? How do you know, smarty pants?" he said turning to Gross God #2.

"I know because I know," retorted #2 greatly insulted. "Anywaysthirty days hath September, April, June and November."

"Nah, it's April, June and December," chipped in Gross God #3 dying to show off his knowledge.

"Oh, never mind," said Gross God #1 impatient to get the meeting over with. "Let's get on with the matter in hand. Just for fun and to make a change and to cause havoc in the typing pool let's start at number ten. O.K.?"

"O.K.," mumbled #'s 2 and 3 waiting expectantly to be told what number ten was all about.

"Well, what about it," asked #1.

"I'm all in favor of it," ad libbed #2 sagely nodding.

"In favor of what," asked #3 scratching his head with a boosted P.S. fork.

".....giving Cindy Inmate her parole, you dozy twit."

"Oh," quipped #2. "I thought you meant going to the pub!"

"No silly, we're discussing 'Important Matters' number ten," said #1 growing impatient, "shall we give it to her or not?"

"Is she a blond or a brunette," asked #2 looking flustered.

"Well, I dunno...doesn't say anything about it on her Pink Piece of Paper; but it does say she is a dancer by profession.....and you know what that means eh tee hee!"

"A dancer eh tee hee!" responded the other two Gross Gods...and a great roar of unleashed laughter rocked the echoing halls of the royal court.

#1 regained his composure first and between suppressed sniggers managed to blurt out, "Order, Order, I call

this meeting to order, gentlemen please!" When the other two didn't respond he whipped a bologne-on-rye sandwich out of his attache case and bopped #2 smartly on the head with it. #2 pulled himself together and when #3 found himself being mutely scrutinized by #'s 1 and 2 he too harumphed and snorted and pulled his act together.

"Let's get this sorted out, eh fellas? Actually it says she's a dancer with the National Ballet, so there. She was sentenced to a deuce for suspicion of sheltering a suspicious suspect. She's already put in about twenty-nine months. So, waddya guys say.... shall we let her go?"

#2 looked nonchalant and started to whistle a selection from the "Sound of Music". #3 whipped out a book of lewd pictures and buried his head in it.

"Oh, come on, fellas, be sports, let's get this matter out of the way and onto more 'Important Matters'," implored #1. "Yes or No you guys?"

No response, only the strains of "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious" from #2 who was into a selection from "Mary Poppins" now, and a snort and chuckle from #3 who was leaching over the lewd book.

"Oh, why don't you answer me..... please, just say Yes or No and let's go to the pub." At this all sniggering and whistling stopped and the two men shouted out their answers simultaneously.

"Yes." from #2.....

"No." from #3.....

"Poop," said #1, "can't we agree on anything?"

"Well, what d'you say #1, you're

the boss." asked #2

"I dunno," thoughtfully answered #1, "doesn't matter either way to me."

"Does matter," answered #2.

"Doesn't," answered #1 after careful deliberation.

"Does," said #3.

"Doesn't," said #2.

"Doesn't," shouted #1.

"Doesn't," yelled #3 getting confused and excited.

"Does," shrieked #1 changing his mind.

"Doesn't."

"Does."

"Doesn't."

And so it went on until the three gross gods fell into exhausted sleep.

Meanwhile Cindy Inmate waits and watches, watches and waits. Sitting in her cold dark cell spinning dreams out of dusty cobwebs.



MEMORY OF ME

by Marcella Levi

The other day I went up to the attic of my mind to look for some relics and memories that I could possibly use to relieve my conscience regarding "writing something for Tightwire.."

Well, it was a tiresome climb, up many endlessly winding staircases that lead to the realm of the past.

I knew I had stored some relics there at one time, many moons ago, on a sunny afternoon in December, I remember, when the world still seemed so white and clear. Relics that would bring close again the faces of those that were once part of every day and night and also the adventures that always seemed so much more adventurous and happy when one looks back on them later.

I looked through the solid wooden cabinets of time, groped through dusty drawers that smelled of faded photographs. There wasn't much that I felt like picking up to cherish and share with the present. My heart did not leap out of rhythm upon seeing the pictures and stories of those days; as it used to before. It had been so long. The images were meaningless.

"I will never find anything here for Tightwire," I thought. "Might as well go down and write a poem about prisonlife or something....."

One more look through the pictures, faded images, stories evaporated in clouds of oxygen or eaten by the woodworms. Friends, relatives, lovers that had nothing to say.

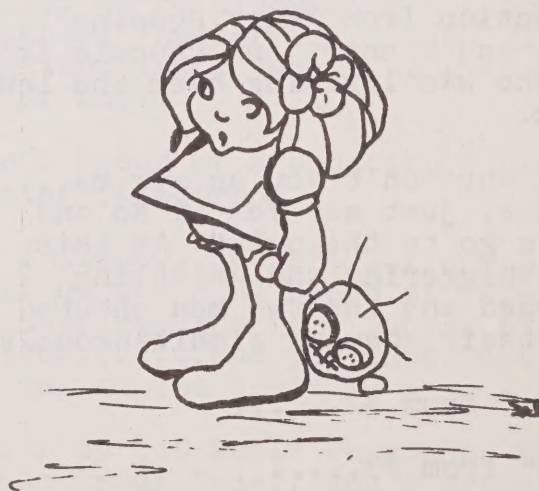
It was getting dark. Time to go down and bury the tokens of time until the next time.

Okay, one last look then, in that tiny drawer in the corner of the cabinet. There is a picture there, I remember, I put it there not too long ago.

I pull the drawer. Yes!! I do recognize that one! Yes, wait! What is that? Who is that? A friend? A relative? Alover maybe?

But of course. How could I forget! There is was, as clear as yesterday's mid-day sun.....a picture of me!!

There in the attic, I no longer needed to search for memories. I was the memory itself. Me, a memory of myself!! Wow! Now that would be something to write about.



UNDECIDED

by A Woman

7 A.M.

"God,..the hallowe'n Soc-hop - only 13 hours off....." Being a woman for 24 years has been far from dull, but there are times when you must be a female, times to be the aggressor and times....when you just don't know what you are. The Soc-hop happening is unleashing the man in me screaming to get out and be recognized.

Ummmm....this mirror I am looking into says, "Do it! Where's your jam, you're a sex symbol anyway, your irresistible charm will get you through Transylvania if it must."

What a virginal boost to the vanity to have women grovelling at my feet....Yes sir....I do believe tonight's the night... Look out P4W the Fonzie is dead - make way for Fearless Frank.

6:30 P.M.

"Looking good, Frankie Baby!!!" I am looking so delicious I think I love me. Maybe in my subconscious I have been a closet sex change for some time.....

7:15 P.M.

Holy Mary, Mother...look at all the competition....Dudes just hanging off the walls; cigarettes dangling, vaseling dripping off the ends of their slicked back hair, binders on the chest that are too tight.

Where are all the ladys....And here I thought I'd be king!? These dudes are gonna cramp Fearless Frank's style! That only leaves me one solution.. ..I'll become a neuter!!

12 P.M. (day after)

Well, I am back mirror. Tell me, who is the fairest neuter of all?

Seems to me this mirror is a bit off balance today. Maybe a bit of makeup will make things look better. A few curls here and there should do the trick.

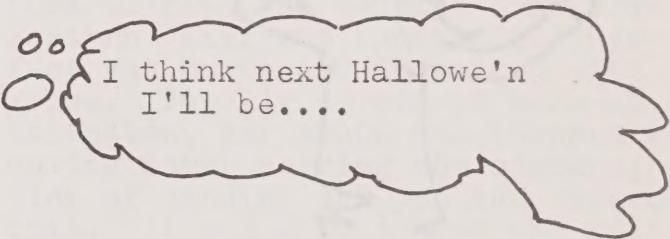
I'll be back faithful friend - you never lie to me.

2 P.M.

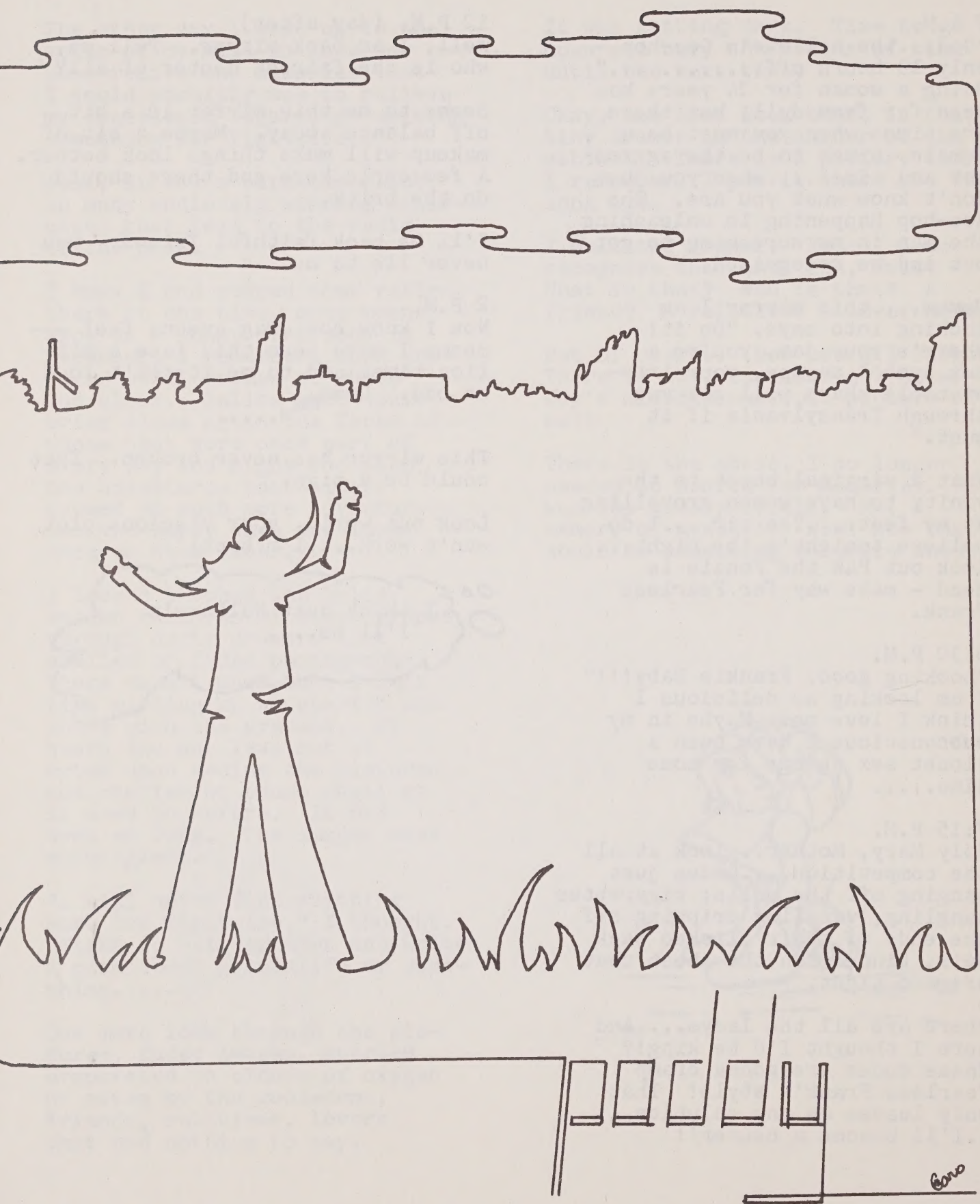
Now I know how drag queens feel --- Seems I have seen this face a million times and to me it don't look so bad. Ummmmmm.....

This mirror has never broken. That could be a sign.

Look out world, your viscious plot won't work....I'm back!



I think next Hallowe'n I'll be....



Paddy couldn't resist playing Russian Roulette. It was her foremost passion and had been for years. Each time she had the syringe in her hand she wondered "...will this be the one that means lights out?" Today was no exception.

Scoring took up most of her day and unlike most speed freaks she didn't stop off here and there to fix every time she managed to get a bit of dope together, but continued on a momentum of energy, amped up from her morning plug-in until her stash was substantial. Then, when she finally got home in the evening, she would put it all together in the spoon and mix up the whole load into an earth shaking cocktail.

This day had been incredibly successful. She had managed to boost a mass of stuff from a small but prosperous looking electrical supply store under amazing circumstances. She had just made herself busy rapping the head off the store owner, holding his attention, while from under her many pocketed cape her hands flashed out quick as greased lightning picking up everything within reach and stashing the things away in her secret compartments. She had absolutely no idea what she was rapping about to that bug-eyed, straight-john manager, but it must have been impressive because when she was good and ready to split she simply turned on her heel and walked out leaving the kat mouth agape and speechless.

Half an hour later she was at the pseudo-bourgeois home of her friend who would and could and

always did buy everything from her; be it at a pretty meager price. By the early evening, she finally was on her way to cop, stack of bread in hand and getting somewhat jaded and anxious to get back to her place and put her head into a spin for the night. Two weeks of lack of sleep was irrevocably showing and she swore that this would be her last night of tying it on and then she would crash for thirty-six hours and get herself together again. She only halfway believed herself, "but what the fuck," she thought, "so long as I can keep the horrors at bay, I'll just keep on keeping on and have me a good time." Paddy knew her mind and body were almost totally destroyed from the dope she had been using off and on like a flashlight over the years. Her once lustrous dark hair now hung in lank, tatty rat's tails half way down her back, totally abandoned by either brush, comb or shampoo. It had become snarled and tangled like some Eastern religious fanatic's. Her face was dirty and ingrained with grime. Totally devoid of make-up or attention, her mouth was chapped with oozing sores searing the corners; a diet of candies and pop had caused this. It had also caused the rotting of her teeth into brown broken pegs. Her clothes had been good in their day, but not having been washed or even removed for the past two weeks, they had crossed the borderline between being clothes and being rags. The only thing about her emaciated body that still showed a spark of life and the possibility of beauty were her eyes. Deep, almost liguid brown, like two pools of dark chocolate, they were flashing fanatically now since she had embarked upon this last orgy of dope but, after a few solid hours of sleep they, at least, would regain some of their special magic. Her thinness was a matter of concern for all who saw her, but as far as her physical shape was concerned; nothing concerned her less.

It didn't take long to make the deal. The kat who she always scored from was always home, his business being of the nature that being home meant being on the job, and being on the job meant making bread. They didn't even rap much. Paddy had only to show the kat the colour of her bread and he would deal out a fair amount of the crystals. While he was sorting out well filled dime bags from his stash, she was on the phone calling a cab and getting ready to split. So, by the time she had the dope in her hands the cab was hooting for her attention outside. Giving her man a perfunctory salute, she split, taking the stairs two at a time in preference to the miserly slow elevator.

Finally she was home in her warm, fantastically immaculate though sparsely furnished pad. She was rushing around now on a new spurt of energy knowing the time had come for her to give herself the super prize for a jack-pot day. Everything was still where she had left it in the morning before she went out. The table was strewn with the things she would need. Pulling a new syringe from her boot leg she stopped only to pull the drapes across the window and check that the front door was chained and locked. Secure in the knowledge that she was safe in her warm, small place, she sat down at the table and opened and emptied the contents of one of the dime bags into the spoon. Taking another spoon she pressed the two together and crushed up the crystals into a powder. Unwrapping the disposable syringe, she sucked up a little water, squirted it into the spoon and mixed the water and powder together with a matchstick. In a few seconds, the crystals started to dissolve. Suddenly,

on an impulse, she opened the bag again and poured the contents and mixed it in with the rest of the liquid. Excited at the prospect of how a whole load of dope would feel, she had it filtered through a tiny ball of cotton and in the syringe in double quick time. She carefully laid down the loaded outfit, unzipped and removed her boots, and taking up a nylon stocking tied it in a tight tourniquet around her ankle. Her arms were so perforated and abscessed that they were useless now for injecting into, but running across her ankle bone was a healthy vein that she hadn't used too often. After a moment of clenching and unclenching her toes, the vein stood erect and hard, ready to be entered. It took only one try for her to hit the vein and she saw it register as a little lotus blossom of blood entered the transparent barrel of the syringe. Holding the works in place with her left hand, she used her right to loosen the knot of the tourniquet and then she was ready. Taking a deep breath to steady her excitedly trembling hands, she quickly pushed in the plunger emptying the cocktail into her bloodstream.

Things started to happen even before she had time to remove the syringe. Her pupils dilated so widely she thought her eyes would burst out of her head. Her heart beat so wildly that she grabbed her chest with both hands and clutched at the clothes around the area in an attempt to keep it confined within her body. Blood started to drip onto her knees and she knew her nose was bleeding. Nothing mattered now, nothing at all. "Jack-pot," she gasped as her ears hummed and roared. The last thing she remembered was whipping her head from side to side trying to shake her brains back into place; her dark hair lashing at her face and blood flying from her nose splattering on the floor in giant, crazily patterned splotches.

When she awoke, she was lying spread-eagled, surrounded by tall grasses. One foot felt cold and wet. Opening

her eyes, she uttered, "Jesus," and closed them again for a second to reorientate herself. Opening them again she looked around. Not being able to see over the tops of the grasses, she pulled herself up into a sitting position and looked around. The first thing she noticed was her bare foot almost blue with cold laying in a stream of pure, cold water. She had thought the roaring in her ears was all part of the rush from the speed, but as she looked around her she saw in the distance to her right, the tribulary from where this stream sprang. A beautiful though small foaming waterfall was gushing down into a fast moving river forming aggressive whirlpools that swirled and spun throwing out concentric ripples that slapped the banks of the river keeping up a steady cacophony of liquid sounds. Above her in the bright, azure, cloudless sky, birds wheeled and swooped and sang out their reedy songs.

Paddy lay back for a moment, let her arm hang across her forehead and eyes and took a few deep breaths. With her other hand, she started to massage the circulation back into her freezing cold foot. Sitting up, she leaned over her bent-up knees to compare her two feet and noticed with a start the syringe still wedged in the vein in her ankle. Pulling it out, she wiped the point on her jacket, wrapped it in the nylon stocking that still encircled her ankle and put it in her pocket. Her foot was now tingling warm and putting a little pressure on it first, she tested its strength. It seemed to be okay so she stood up thrusting her hands into her back pocket and had a look around.

As her head emerged from the tops of the tall grasses and she received her first glimpse of the surrounding area, she gasped. Slapping her hand in front of her mouth, her eyes open wide, she gazed around at a site of desolation. In the distance to the right beyond the waterfall, she could see the outline of a black, skeleton city. Half buildings with the steel roofing exposed; crumbled walls with jagged brickwork showing like a mouth of smashed teeth. The remains of a bridge teetered with its two upright sections seemingly straining towards each other in a futile attempt to bridge the gaping space between them. All the way across her horizon, she saw similar sights of desolation. Every building in her view seemed to be in a state of awful decay. Now the moment that she dreaded came over her. Paranoia swept through her body in waves. "....is this real? Who did this? I knew it would happen." Whipping around and falling to a half crouch, she looked behind her thinking she heard a noise but saw only through the parted grasses a bare tree from which a dry branch had fallen setting into motion a series of twigs and smaller branches snapping and falling. Her heart was beating fast now and her breath was coming in gasps as one sound after another assailed her and increased her fears. Clapping her hands over her ears, she began to run, eyes wide, mouth gaping for air, nostrils flared, hair streaming out behind her mindless of stones and sharp rocks tearing into her bare feet; drawing blood and ripping her skin.

For what seemed like an eternity, she ran in total panic until she reached a building. Rushing in through the gaping doorway, she threw herself down in a corner wrapping her arms around her knees, bowing her head and squeezing her eyes tightly shut. She didn't want to see this---they would get her too---destroy her---leave her a blackened skeleton---trap her mind---Oh God,

Oh fuck---why, why, why?
Almost sobbing, she opened her eyes and lifted her head from halfway behind her arms and looked around her. The building had obviously been a regular working man's home. There were tattered, vinyl furniture scattered around with stuffing and springs exposed, and a moss covered carpet. On one wall, spotted with damp and mildew, hung at a crazy angle, rested a torn picture half fallen from its twisted frame. A picture of horses running, galloping, manes streaming, eyes terror stricken. It was a picture she had seen many times before in straight's houses and in store windows. The recognition of it gave her a jolt and feeling a bit more secure now, she began to wander around inspecting things--completely absorbed. Fear had left her and she became filled with a feeling of amazement. How could she be wandering around in a stranger's home without fear of being caught. Instinctively she knew there were no people anymore. Something had happened and everyone was gone. "Gone where?" she mused and straight away stashed it in a part of mind to work on later. Now, there were a whole load of things to check out. Could she find any food? She was strangely hungry now. Could she put together some dry things to sleep on? Stranger still--she was feeling tired. Could she find something with which to cover her now painfully sore feet?

Walking across the room, she looked out of a window that was framed with jagged shards of glass. She was in the first house of a row of identical ones, each with shattered doorways and smashed windows and on the roadway - not a soul in sight. Moving away from the windows, she turned back to the

room. There were two doorways leading from it; one she presumed would lead to a hallway and the other to a kitchen. Choosing the latter, she pushed the ajar door and it opened with little resistance. The kitchen was a scene of devastation. It looked like the most amazing family row in the history of civilization had occurred here. Over almost the entire floor was strewn broken crockery, bent and dented pots and pans, some with a heavy mold growing out of them, others looking tarnished and just plain dirty. Household machinery lay broken with wires and rusty works exposed. Cutlery lay tarnished and twisted like ancient instruments of torture in a heap in one corner like some hand had ripped out a drawer and tipped the entire contents out, a garbage pail lay among the mess with musty cans and moldy rotten food spewed out. The whole place looked like a bomb had hit but, the fact that the walls were still standing pushed the idea from her mind. Picking her way gingerly across the mess, she pulled open a door from one of the wall cupboards and peered inside. Whoever the owner of this house had been, it was well stocked on canned foods as she noticed row upon row of different cans become visible. Labels had peeled off most, but looking further she saw a few that had the name of their contents painted directly onto the containers. She was able to choose a can of beans and another of tomato juice and set about picking through the cutlery pile for a can opener. She didn't have much luck and ended hacking through the top with a pointed vegetable paring knife that was rusty but still strong enough for this purpose. Picking up a tablespoon from the floor that looked more wholesome than the rest, she crossed to the broken sink and tried the faucet. A slow running trickle of brown water seeped out and disgustedly she turned it off. Instead, she spat into the spoon and wiped it off on her jacket tail and dug into the beans standing where she was. They tasted all right at first

bite and anyway she was so hungry she almost didn't care whether they were bad or not so long as they weren't green and furry. She shook up the can of tomato juice and crashed through the top of it with the knife letting a spurt of the red liquid gush out. She drank deep and long until her thirst was quenched and then finished up the can of beans. Feeling physically satisfied, she set out to explore further into the house with the hope of finding a pair of boots or shoes. Crossing the livingroom again, she reached the other door and turned the handle. She had hoped that this door would give as easily as the others had done, but it wasn't the case. The handle turned easily enough but the door would not move. She tried turning the handle and jerking the door, and then spreading her feet wide apart and lifting upwards and outwards simultaneously, but still no luck. She considered running at the door to crash through it with her shoulder, but the prospect of a dislocation daunted her, especially as she would hardly be in the position to call a doctor for help. She turned around and walked back into the room looking for a suitable weapon with which to smash through the flimsy enough looking woodwork. To her left she saw a small sturdy looking piano stool; light enough for her to wield like an axe but strong enough to do the damage necessary. As she picked it up she saw a newspaper fall that had been wedged on a lower shelf of the stool. As it fell on the floor, the front page face up, she saw a picture that made her gag with horror. Staring up at her was her own face; a photograph of her face and her body laying spreadeagled on the floor of her apartment. Across

the top of the photograph she read with mounting terror -- WOMAN DEAD OF DRUG ABUSE AT AGE 44. She stood staring, paralysed. A scream rose in her throat and in that moment she saw one more thing that made her turn; snatching up the chair in both hands like an axe. The newspaper was dated August 23, 1986.

Screaming like a banshee, she ran towards the door and smashed the stool right through splintering the wood and tearing the frame. Momentum carried her right through the hole tearing at her clothes and skin and she landed on her knees still holding the stool in the middle of her apartment floor. Gasping for breath, she looked wild-eyed around her and noted in a second, abstractedly, that everything was as it had been before she took that fix. Remaining in the same position, she turned her body around to look at the gaping hole in her living room wall. Before her amazed eyes the hole began to fade. She dragged the back of her hands across her madly staring, disbelieving eyes and in the second before the hole and the living room behind it disappeared she saw a vision she would never forget.

There, in the previously empty living room where the shattered vinyl furniture had stood, she saw now a bejewelled fountain and gently swaying palm fronds. In front of the couch stood a beautiful, naked, long haired youth with a gentle smile on his face and both hands raised as if to salute her.

"Hey, Psst! Come 'ere for a sec," growled a voice. Peering skeptically into the dim recesses of the cell, I cautiously stepped into his domain.

"What's the problem?" "No problem, I just wanted to show you something I invented," proclaimed the tenant. "Invented?" I asked. "Ya, invented. I was supposed to go over to the bug wing about six months ago but got tired of waiting so, I became an inventor. And today I did it!!!! I invented a tropical plant!"

(Naturally, silence filled the air for $37\frac{1}{2}$ seconds..... awkwardly, I might add too.) Like it or not I realized I was going to hear the story, so asked--"Tropical plant? This isn't the tropics."

"Look, Mac, everything in this joint is controlled: movement, time, training, psychiatric treatment - everything, including temperatures. And, with controlled temperatures, you can raise tropical plants!"

"Okay, where is it?" I mumbled. "Over there on the desk," he stated with furious scientific conviction blazing out of his eye balls. "And that's the good part----it's a tropical Hydiscodari and I made it invisible!!!!"

At that I made a mad dash for the cell door. After 50 quickly paced steps, I slowed realizing--in this joint, it's just another experience!

The camera pans the Reception & Discharge department then, focuses on the two men standing there.....

"Being that it is 3:30 and the prison is officially closed, you will have to spend the night in the E.C.A. unit. That means Environmental Control Area, young fellow. No, it's not the fish tier.....it's the cooler! Anyhow....welcome to the land of amplified heat, Mr. Fish. You're rather young to be charged with abusive language to a parakeet and here in C.P.S.'s. last stronghold, however, get over there and strip off. Put all your effects on the table and then get into those grey coveralls."

Quickly passed through barriers, grills, locks and doors, the new fish is deposited in a cell.

Laying back, he drowsily coasts and thinks of things he could have been on the street.....aide de camp to a military or political personality, the pink panther, a crafty taxi driver...anything. Sadly, he shakes his head.

Suddenly he begins to smile as he realizes he is in "Canada's last stronghold" (that's what the guard said, didn't he?) the invincible Haven. Here, his mind tells him, he can be a bad guy....to heck with the parakeet business. The baddest of the bad, imagine! After all, you are where your head's at!!! Head's at, head's at.....



"OUR DUTY"

This is the age of change and if we, as people, are to be part of this change then we must become serious in our relations to it, as individuals and as a United Prison Population.

We must put away our escapisms, contempts and wanton and malicious criticism, which serves only to heighten our frustrations not directing us to solutions or effective action that can correct or relieve us of the conditions we are confronted with.

We must learn to channel our energies and pool our resources towards practical solutions, towards co-operation in working with progressive people.

In our ranks it is now "Our Duty" to raise the level of consciousness, morality and maturity, by our unbiased realistic assessment of self and conditions in which we live. We must start to develop practical methods by which we as people on a whole can benefit from.

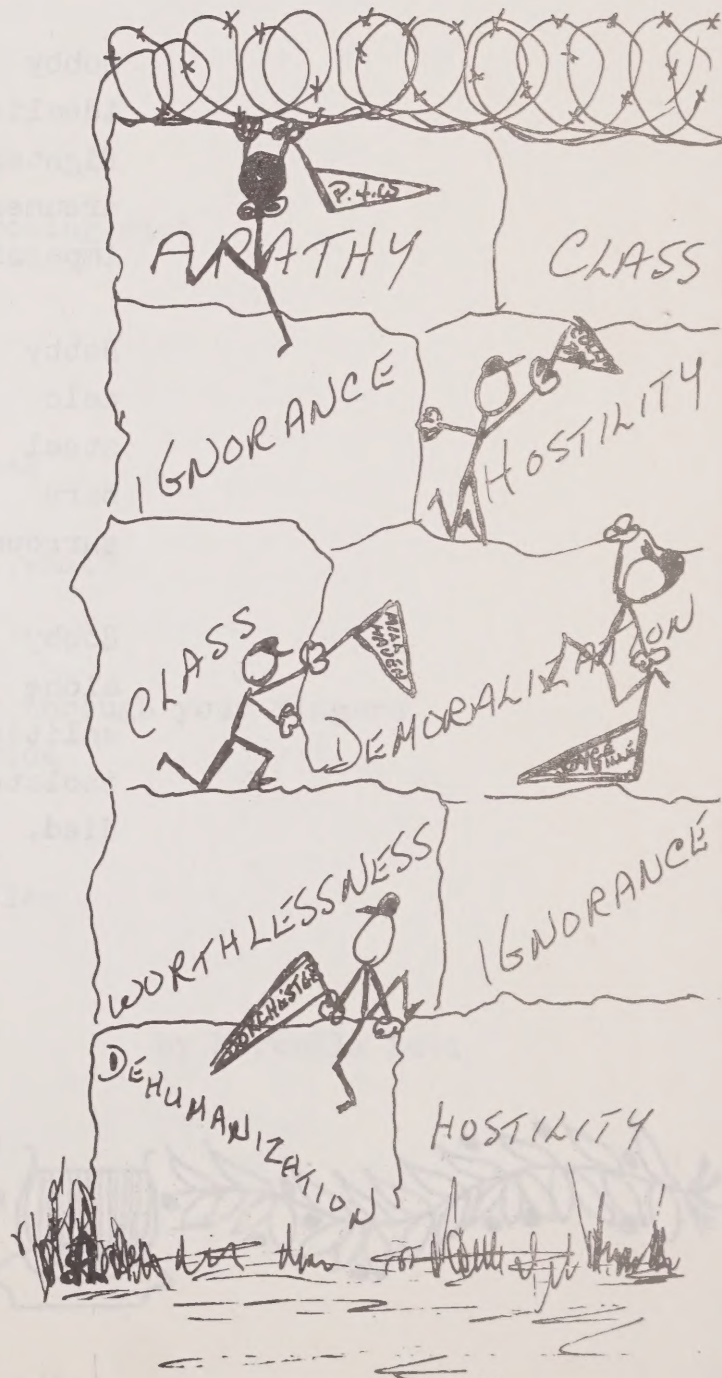
We should not go backwards but rather forward in relation to the changing times and progressive thinking and progressive actions that will preserve our lives and enhance our living style, incarcerated or not.

We have a duty now, not one imposed by the system, but one that raises out of the con's long, hard struggles to be accepted and treated as human beings.

"Our Duty" now, is to each

other as people, to break down the walls of class, apathy, ignorance, worthfulness, demoralization and all those areas that keep us divided and hostile towards one another, by which we can never gain the basic rights we want and should have.

Bill
Dorchester,
New Brunswick



TO BOBBY LANDERS

Bobby
man
warrior
human
prisoner

Bobby
idealist
fighter
dreamer
impassioned

Bobby
cold
steel
bars
surrounding

Bobby
alone
solitary
isolated
died.

Caro Walters



IS THAT TIME?



You do time you say
But how odd
Tell me how
Can you do something
So invisible
So intangible
I see only a cloud
Not here not there
Just drifting on air
Leaving pearls of growing mist
Everywhere
Or I bathe
In the ongoing
River of time
Saturating tired flesh
Splashes in my eyes
Leaving marks of.....what?
Magic time
Like a ghost
Slipping and sliding through your fingers
If you spread them wide
And if not
You hold nothing but
Uncomfortable particles
Of empty air
Is that time?

by Marcella Levi

THIS BOOK

To think,
To speak,
To talk awhile, "is all I ask".
To drift in space encircled in faith,
To heavens quest, wonder unknown.
To feel,
To touch, memories unfold,
Past and present are surely told.
To sense,
To hold, emotions cold,
Quantities of love fettered with gold.
To see,
To hear, worded and wise,
Blessed! be! heavenly lies,
This book of wine,
This book of, "Minds....."

by Gary McNamara
Millhaven



ODE TO A 1%ER

Back again not for long
Endless days roll on
Revolving doors syndrome
Now I know
Its true meaning
Each time they lock this drum.

Freedom days gone again
Restless nights to come
Oh, number one frog
My memory is my one true friend.

Summer days, the wind is mine
Aboard a freedom bound bike
No time can change us
Days together my friend will come
You and I, a bike, we'll own the sun.

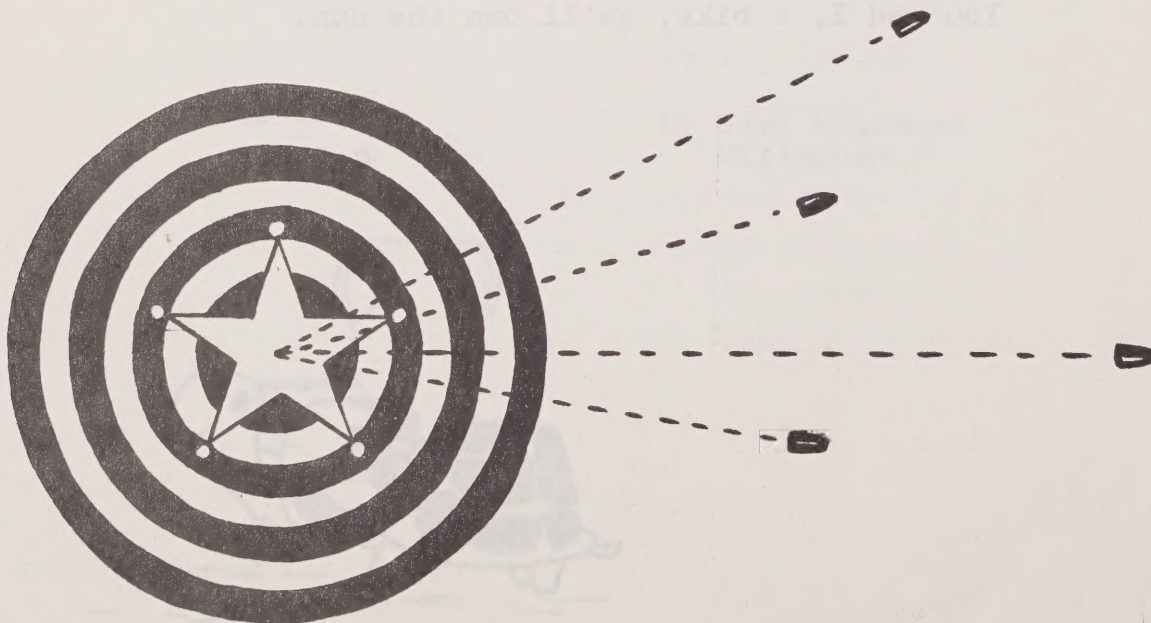
Mrs. Grub
C.F.F.C.



THE OUTCOME OF A RIP-OFF

by D. F. Martin

He was dealing big then,
jaguar, super flat,
highlights and flashes.
The body of a classy pirate and
the personality of a real entertainer.
Big John they called him.
This gang from 'Rosemont' approached him;
it sounded smooth, so he decided to make a deal...
As he arrived at the meeting, he realized quickly what was happening...
Guns and six guys....one of them said "Sit down, call your dealers..
I want \$50,000 in cash or dope....Or it is your life....!"
Big John called his wife; she brought some cocaine, but it wasn't enough..
They boiled some water and poured it on his penis...
They made him undress and dance.....
Then one of them went to the bathroom....made a false movement....
and Big John grabbed the gun: a German luger...
The roles were reversed, now Big John had the power...
They went on their knees and crawled like worms....
"Don't kill me! Don't kill me!" they said....
He unloaded the gun on all of them...
What a release...
"I feel like a star," he says.....boots and gun in hand
as he walked out.



TELL HIM NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing
If you like him or you love him,
Tell him now;
Don't withhold your approbation 'till the person makes oration
As he lies with snowy lillies o'er his brow;
For no matter how you shout it,
He won't really care about it;
He won't know how many tears you have shed;
If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to slip it to him
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!
More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny
And the hearty warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life savor,
And it makes you stronger, braver
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.
If he earns your praise,
Bestow it;
Let him know it,
Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait 'till life is over and he's underneath the clover
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!

THE CARNEGIAN



I'VE BELONGED TO YOU FOREVER

by Sally Lenson

Do you remember when we stopped being friends
and became lovers?

I can't recall how we went from one to the other.....

I woke up one morning and my life had changed,
completely.

You had happened.

I looked at you and I knew I had always loved you.

Maybe because you were always laughing, because to you,
Life is not the deadly trap most of us struggle with.....
it's a wonderful game.

To be enjoyed to its very fullest, and shared with anyone
who cares to revel in the sheer joy of it with you.....
as fellow conspirators.....against fate.

I love you totally, because you give of yourself totally.

You bind me to you, not with conventional chains,
but with the invisible restraints of complete freedom
to do as I please, your only wish being that I am happy.

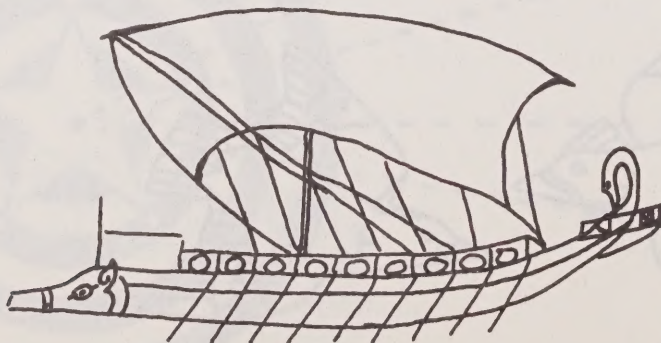
And because I am free to look, taste, choose,

I choose you.....again and again.

You, with your humour, your understanding, your wisdom,
your knowing that as long as I thought I was free
I would not want to be.

And would always return to you, because

I've belonged to you forever.



DEAR WORLD

by Dan Valentine

My young son starts to school today....It's all going to be sort of of strange and new to him for awhile, and I wish you would sort of treat him gentle.

You see, up to now he's been king of the roost....He's been boss of the backyard...His mother has always been near to soothe his wounds and repair his feelings.

But now things are going to be different.

This morning he's going to walk down the front steps, wave his hand, and start on the great adventure.

....It is an adventure that might take him across continents, across oceans

....It's an adventure that will probably include wars and tragedy and sorrow...

To live his life in the world he will have to live in will require faith and love and courage.

So, World, I wish you would sort of look after him...Take him by the hand and teach him things he will have to know.

But do it gently, if you can.

He will have to learn that all men are not just, that all men are not true.

But teach him also that for every scoundrel there is a hero...that for every crooked politician there is a great and dedicated leader, teach him it is more honorable to fail than to cheat....Teach him to be gentle with gentle people and tough with tough people.

Try to give my son the strength not to follow the crowd when everyone is on the bandwagon.....

Teach him to listen to all men....but teach him also to filter all he hears on a screen of truth and take just the good that siphons through.

Teach him, if you can, how to laugh when he's sad.

Teach him there is no shame in tears....Teach him there can be glory in failure and despair in success.

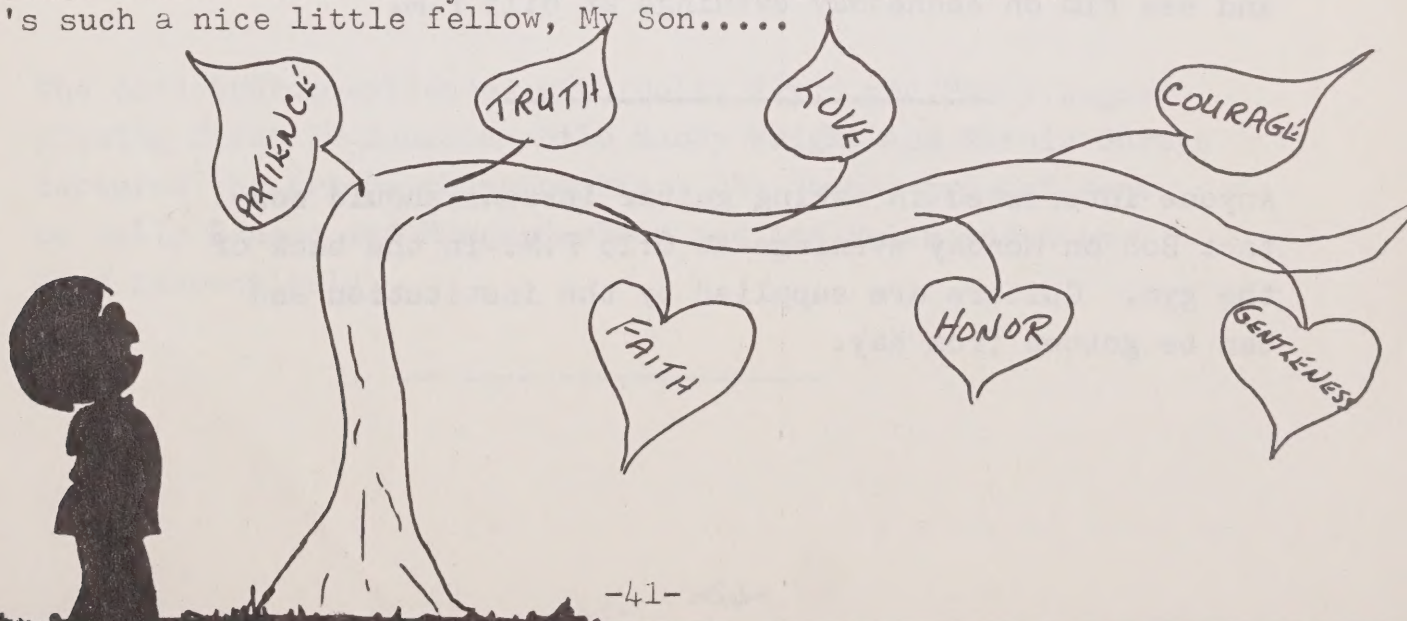
Treat him gently, World, if you can. But don't coddle him...

Because only the test of fire makes fine steel...Let him have the courage to be impatient...Let him have the patience to be brave.

Let him be no man's man...Teach him always to have sublime faith in himself.

Because then he will always have sublime faith in mankind.

He's such a nice little fellow, My Son.....



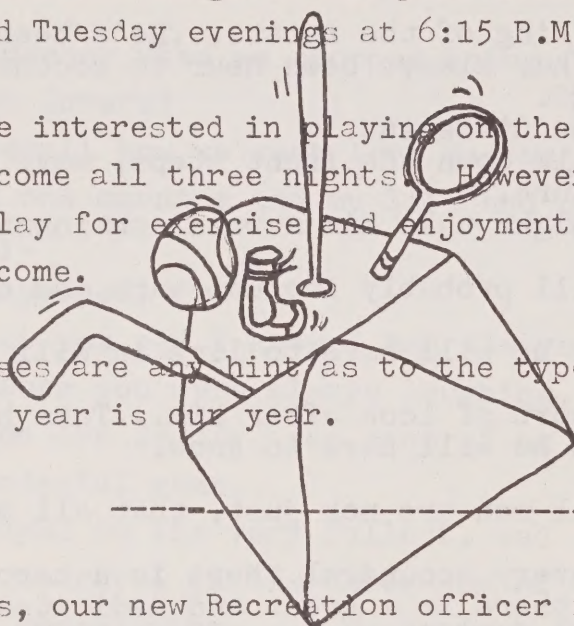
SPORTS

by Joanne Horner

Basketball practice is well underway with the formation of an intermural league. The practices are Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings at 6:15 P.M.

If you are interested in playing on the ALL-STAR team you must come all three nights. However, if you only want to play for exercise and enjoyment Tuesday is the night to come.

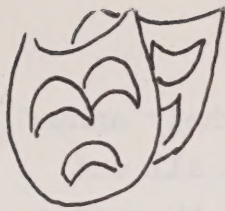
If practises are any hint as to the type of team we will have this year is our year.



Sue Bricks, our new Recreation officer is teaching a gymnastics class. This is held Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 4:15 P.M. If there is enough interest shown, the class will be continued on a permanent basis.

This year we have three McArthur students as volunteers in the Recreation department: Ian Lyle and Moira Christholm are helping with the basketball while Paul Smith would like anyone interested in badminton or floor hockey to come and see him on Wednesday evenings at 6:15 P.M.

Anyone interested in taking guitar lessons should contact Bob on Monday evenings at 6:15 P.M. in the back of the gym. Guitars are supplied by the institution and can be gotten from Kay.



ENTERTAINMENT

by Joanne Horner

In the past couple of months, we have had the pleasure of being entertained by two highly professional groups - THE PLATTERS and TRADITION. The groups, who were currently playing engagements in the area, took time out of their busy schedules to come and play for us. Rubbing sleep from their eyes, looking aghast at their surroundings (not because of the fact that they were in a Women's Federal prison, but because it was only mid afternoon) they proceeded to launch into some roof-raising rock-n-roll, R&B and a wide selection of just plain good music.

Another entertainer we have had the pleasure of hearing was an English gent by the name of LONDON BOBBY. He and his group brought us a bit of more than somewhat off color English humor that kept us rocking in our seats. Essentially a pub entertainer, he did his gig sitting at the piano punctuating his ribald ballads with 'orrible, dirty, 'isterically funny jokes and limmericks.

I would like to take this space to thank these hard-working entertainers for giving us their time and energy and to extend an invitation to COME AGAIN--SOON! Also special thanks to Lucy Carr who is patiently riding the bumps of the bureaucracy towards getting groups to come in.

The card tournament ended with Dolly Flynn and Patty Wagner placing first in Canasta while Sandy Wright and Marnie Germyn captured the bridge championship. The "booby prizes" went to Sally Lenson and Marge Carlson and Ann Belan and Lucy Carr respectively.

On the 16th of October, the Native Sisterhood held their annual Pow-Wow in the gym. This year, as before, it was an all out affair featuring a band and three dancers. Attended by people from the Ontario area together with a good porportion of the inmate population, it was soon evident that success was to be the name of the day. The event was highlighted by the presentation of hand-crafted beaded necklaces to the Elders. Door prizes were also given. Together with the good music and friendly vibes a Native meal was provided that included corn soup and bannock.

We wish to Thank You Sisterhood for a great
Pow-Wow

If you had walked into the P4W Hallowe'n night, you might have found yourself wondering if you were still in the prison or had somehow found the time tunnel. For before your very eyes people became transformed. No longer members of the 1970's, the jail had gone graffiti.

To celebrate this year's All Hallows Eve, a soc hop had been arranged by the Inmate Committee. Set in the fifties style with a disc jockey provided by E. Fry, it was one of the more spectacular nights of the year. People whose general attire during the year had been set for the comfortable, now walked around in skirts, sweaters, ponytails tight bluejeans, beards, slicked back hair, chains and black leather jackets.

Lynn Minty and Lynn Barker won prizes as the best dressed couple on the floor, while Karen Vance and Sue Hopkins were judged to be the best dressed doll and guy respectively. Spot prizes were also given to various couples for their dancing expertise.

We wish to thank the Inmate Committee together with E. Fry for making the annual night of ghosts and goblins such a memorable event. Also a special thanks to the kitchen for a fantastic spread of food.

TIGHTWIRE ASTROLOGY

by D. F. Martin

SAGITARIUS

22 November - 21 December

Ruler: Jupiter

Attributes: Positive, masculine common, hot-dry, double-bodied human and bestial. Third of the fire signs. It governs the hips, thighs and the blood. It corresponds to the ninth house in the zodiac.

Symbolizes: foreign countries, long trips, adventures, sports, physical exercises, racing horses, speed, bets, philosophy and access.

In the world it rules: distant expeditions, foreign trades, intercontinental navigation, the great and important discoveries, the world of scientists and wisdom.

Favorable and unfavorable aspects: You are independent, honest, loyal and always active. You almost always have philosophical ideals. Your intuitive powers can take you into the realms of prophecy as to the outcome of movement and enterprises.

You have a strong will and you are persevering; not easily discouraged. You are very ambitious but most of you achieve personal success after middle age.

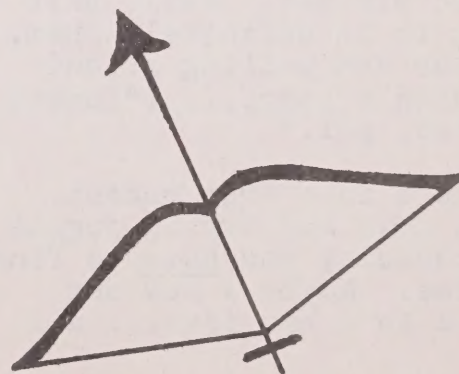
You are of a philanthropic nature, that is why on many occasions you will be given a confidential position. The sun in Sagittarius indicates great intelligence. It is a mark of eminence in religious, political and judicial positions. In contrast to these characteristics, many members of your sign are rebels and extremists. When negativity dominates, you be-

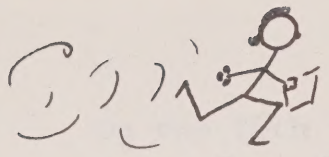
come slaves to convention, relying on your outer sense rather than intuition which is really one of your better assets so long as you are guided by it and not rebelling against it.

Negative members can adopt a hyper-critical attitude, finding fault with new ideas without trying to understand them. Negative Sagittarius can be very adventurous and you will see them at the gambling tables, at the horse races and in any type of illegal activities.

Sagittarians loves liberty, freedom and out of door sports and for this reason dislike masters and will not be driven. All the fire signs are capable of temper but your temper is likely to explode more when an injustice is done to someone else rather than if it were done to you. Long platonic friendships, generally born of a bond when you both face trials, abuses and tribulations together, are not unusual.

The Sagittarius symbol is pictured as half man and half horse. The man an archer with bow and arrow: a centaur. When you are positive, all you arrows have a habit of reaching the target. When negative, the energy is consumed, the target is missed and the arrow is lost, but the centaur is tenacious enough to start all over again and by middle age can generally reach his target.





DOING TIME?

by Sally Lenson &

Joanne Horner



Someone once made the remark that 'doing time' was a little like taking a holiday.....just sit back, put your feet up and let your time do itself. You know the old gaff.....but it seems it doesn't quite work out that way!

Somehow the visions of lazy days, shooting the shit with buddies over a cup of coffee, wiling away countless hours over a game of cards, or sprawled in front of the T. V. got lost somewhere along the line. Just when you settle in to enjoy some of this lounging around, you get nabbed by a chick who has an inmate committee problem that just can not wait. By the time you get that distraction straightened out, damned if it isn't lock-up. Oh well, maybe now you will be able to clear up some of the lëssons that have backed up. Sometime around three a.m. you fall asleep; book still clutched in your hot little hand.

Damn! Noone woke you up..... if you run Barsky may not notice that you are late----again. He does and while he is hollering someone is tugging at your arm. Meanwhile, in walks the tutor who has faithfully been coming for two weeks to help you with your Chemistry, but you haven't even met him yet! Well, this morning it is definitely Chem, only your arm pulling friend slaps down a pass....."Inmate committee, pal."

When there is a free moment, you sit down and try to juggle your schedule; you have to find more time. Maybe a new one wouldn't be a bad idea.....all

you see is lines and scribbles; after basketball a new one will have to be drawn up. Only you remember you have a group then and there are letters waiting to be answered that almost fill up an entire shelf.

Tomorrow you plan to get caught up. It is an easy day. The only two classes that overlap are Spanish and Women and the Law and you have all afternoon after Criminology before working in the kitchen! If it doesn't get done then there is always time after drama. Unfortunately, you lay down for five minutes and don't wake up until morning.

Just when you think you are finally getting everything under control, your C.O. (you have had a slip in to see her for two weeks) grabs you and informs you that she has ordered you another course to fill in your spare time!!!! So, as you miss the Friday Night movie to write this article you glance up, only to see last month's calendar hanging on the wall. The thought crosses your mind that you are cheating the government....you haven't got time to shake your time!



Centre of Criminology,

KENNEDY-RM. 8001-130 St. George St.

TORONTO,

ONTARIO,

MRS. 195